

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

## Beauty in all Things

(By Aaron DeWitt.)

O, what do these my eyes behold,  
Here in this world of woe?  
Of summer, winter, heat and cold—  
Of dreary frost and snow?

I see a glorious orb above,  
That gives us heat and light,  
And fills the world with potent love,  
And causes day and night.

I find this little world of ours,  
At every turn or nook,  
Is filled with some mysterious powers,  
Whichever way I look.

I find there's beauty in the sun,  
The moon and every star;  
And in the orbit that they run,  
So smooth, without a jar,—

There's Beauty in the lofty hills,  
And in the rocks between;  
And in the little gentle rills,  
That always intervene.

There's Beauty in the creek that flows  
So gently along;  
And in the little bird that knows  
No sorrow in its song.

There's Beauty in the ferns and shrubs,  
And in the toads and frogs;  
And in the little worms and grubs,  
And tiny poodle dogs.

There's Beauty, from the monstrous whale  
Down to the smallest gnat;  
There's Beauty in the mice that quail  
Before the beauteous cat.

There's Beauty in all things we see,  
All formed by Nature's power;  
From the largest forest tree,  
Down to the smallest flower.

There's Beauty in all things below,  
Whatever we may name;  
And if to other worlds we go,  
We'll find it just the same.

Parker  
and Ashland  
East Side  
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